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Trinity College

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EDITORIALS.

THE absent-mindedness of the man who will return from town without the very article which he made his trip to obtain, is not so common nor so pitiable an occurrence as the forgetfulness of the student who allows himself to pass through college without attaining the object he came to seek. The one case is, however, analogous to the other. Four years are passed in turning over lexicons, scribbling in note books, turning somersaults in the athletic field, and pouring nonsense into the ears of pretty damsels and the graduate, forsooth, becomes a B. A.; but where is the education? Society is not to be decried, its refining influence is a necessary factor in the production of the scholar and gentleman; athletics are to be advocated as administering to the health and grace of that which embodies the mind; and the heaping together of class-room facts is a necessity to the true student. But there is something else, without which all these are useless. The education becomes a reality only through a culminating process of self culture; culture in its highest sense, roundness of character, broadness of mind and general intelligence. This can only be gained when the student is thoroughly awake to his own educational interests. If he is alive to them, the popular notions and current fallacies, which are so extant among those who attempt to be college men of the "hot-stuff" genus, will not swerve him from the furtherance of his best welfare.

* * *

OF the many avenues which are open to the man who seeks opportunies for self-culture, the work done by literary societies is one of the widest. In such organizations the mind is broadened, the intellect is exercised, independent study and reasoning are encouraged. This is the kind of work the Athenæum Literary Society is doing. The advantages of debate alone for giving a man thinking character and force are well known. The notions of earlier days are sifted, new ideas are suggested and admitted to the mind after crucial tests and a general expansion of the understanding and the perceptive faculties results. When topics of the day are discussed the member is aided in becoming a living man of the times and of his country. If free play is given to writing, the literary aspirant has an opportunity to direct his energies in such lines under criticism and advice. In all these paths the Athenæum works and from it as from all such societies the results above referred to may be expected.

* * *

A SUCCESSFUL college career is simply a matter of time well spent. A literary man residing not over a hundred miles from Hartford, was heard to complain the other

day of the time lost in putting his clothes on in the morning. Invert the proportion and we have the college man who is willing to spend hours in preparing himself and his garments to please some fair maiden who never notices his dress or is pleased with him, while he will bitterly complain of the time that must be spent with his books. And yet he expects to graduate and become a Bachelor of Arts. He will pass his examinations, fairly, if you please, he will be "popular with the men," be placed in positions of honor, be able to tell a story and give back repartee. Then he will receive a diploma. But some day afterward, as he sits before his fireplace thinking of how little he knows and how much he ought to know, what a length of misspent time stretches behind him and how empty it must be before, he will look up at his college diploma hanging on the wall and will dreamily ask himself what it means. And the tobacco smoke will curl about him and waste itself in the air, as when at college, sitting in his easy-chair before his fire, he let his education hover about him and disappear.

* * *

THE fourth edition of Baird's *Fraternity Guide* is out. It shows that the membership of the college fraternities has increased from 67,941 in 1883 to 92,279 in 1890. It looks as if the college society had come to stay. These fraternities are becoming important factors in college life. Writers upon educational topics and college moralists disagree among themselves as to whether the influence of the system is good or bad. There seem to be certain advantages in being a member of one of these organizations as long as it keeps up to its ideals. There would probably be cliques and factions in college even if they were not formally recognized by badges and chapter houses. The society's interest should always, however, be subservient to the interest of the college. Friends and foes of the system alike agree in condemning the all too common practice of putting incompetent men into responsible college offices, simply to further the interest of the fraternity to which the incompetent men happen to belong. It is doubtful if the trick does further the best interest of the fraternity in the long run. It certainly does not further the best interest of the college; and is a practice that should be stopped. Perhaps one of the strongest arguments in favor of the secret society is, (by the way it often urged as an objection) that it brings all sorts of men into intimate association. The sedate member of the flock can exercise a restraining influence upon his friskier brother, the black sheep. The white lamb learns that a sheep whose wool does not exactly match the color of his own, may be a very decent sort of a sheep after all. Fraternity men certainly have in their hands the power to influence. It is theirs to decide whether it is to be for good or bad, and upon their decision depends the future of the College Fraternity.

* * *

REHEARSALS of Prof. Johnson's play *Miss Duzenberry* are now in progress. An excellent cast has been chosen and there is every reason to hope for one of the best performances presented here in years, provided those who have the matter in charge do their duty. It is a matter to be regretted that two plays are not to be given this year, for the college has an unusual number of men capable of taking parts. All that is needed is sufficient enthusiasm and a guiding hand to bring out several successful dramatic performances at Trinity every year. It is expected that *Miss Duzenberry* will be given very soon after the Easter vacation. The play is an exceedingly bright one and Professor Johnson's abilities as a playwright are well known in Hartford and will ensure a large audience. The fund for the benefit of which *Miss Duzenberry* is to be given is a most deserving one. Altogether, those who have the matter in charge should feel their responsibilities and put their best foot forward to realize the anticipations of the college and the public in this, which is probably the only play that will be given here this year.

* * *

BEFORE another issue of the TABLET the base-ball team will have taken its regular spring trip through Pennsylvania. This trip occupies the whole ten days of recess, and six games are to be played this year. The object of this trip formerly was to give practice to the men for the league games, but now that Trinity is not in a league—the advisability of such a series of games is, as we have stated before, at least questionable. The batteries are generally completely worked out before the trip is over, and the management

is forced to bring in outside men or suffer defeat. Either alternative is unpleasant. The object of a ball team is to play against college men with college men, and it is a mistaken idea that games should be won, no matter how. Then arises the grave question whether a trip so prolonged is really advantageous to the players. To be sure the team advertises the colleges, but does it do so to the credit of themselves and the college by a series of defeats? Such a trip would, no doubt, be of much advantage if there was more than one good battery on the team, but would it not be a better plan to arrange a series of games here in New England during the recess, and so not have so much traveling or so many games? This question is worthy of much consideration.

* * *

IN the matter of subscriptions to the base ball management the college has been unusually negligent this year, and unless some decisive steps are taken it is doubtful if the club can play the year out. The manager has arranged a large number of games, and depends upon the students for their support. The gate receipts may be relied upon to some extent; but here, too, the student body owes its support to the team, and attendance at the games is as necessary as paying subscriptions. There are a certain number of men in college who are so lacking in moral courage as to say they will subscribe so much, and then fail to meet their obligations. This is the worst kind of cowardice, because it not only injures the student himself, but the whole college. If the man has not the ability to subscribe let him say so, and not put the management in a false position toward other colleges. This promising to pay toward the support of the different teams in the college brings out the force of the old parable of the two sons—one of whom said he would, and did not; and the other said he would not, but did—of the two there should be more of the latter in college.

TO —— AS SHE PLAYETH.

Softly strike upon the strings
Till the answering music rings
Like the ripple of a stream
Running low athwart a dream.

Death stalks ever on the earth,
Grief more frequent is than mirth;
So, half-grave amid the gay,
Let my fancies idly stray.

While thou murmurest 'neath the moon,
Humming to thy strings a tune—
Half-forgotten ballads sweet—
In the shadows' dim retreat;

Faces rise up sharp and stern
As the souls behind them yearn—
Dead they many years have lain,
"*Reviens amy*"—'tis in vain.

Froissart writing of the knights,
Villon of the lost delights,
Drayton, Suckling, Lovelace—dead;
Where they passed we two shall tread.

Am I loved as once were they
In the old impassioned way?
"*Ou sont les neiges?*" he sang:
Voices sweet as thine once rang

Clearly as thine own is clear—
Melted with the snows last year—
"*Suis-je, suis-je, suis-je belle?*
Dictes-moy." Who now can tell?

Though enwrapt with tinkling rhyme
Blotted is her love by time.
Since the flower of thy face
Bloometh but an instant's space,

Let us through our moment's span
Love each other while we can—
In the grave to which we go
Thee perchance I shall not know.

Vacant wandering of the mind!
Time and love can no man bind;
Peace my vainly fluttering heart—
"Come then let us kiss and part."

P. H. Frye.

"OR THE GOLDEN BOWL BE BROKEN."

"*Messieurs! le jeu est fait.*"

About the table are men and women of all sorts. Women of both worlds; handsome women; pretty women; old women; women whose age no one can tell. The men are in still greater variety. Professional gamblers, who have come to the tables to submit to the pitiless laws of chance and lose the money of which they have fleeced their victims, elbow noblemen and gentlemen from every country in Europe. The young man stakes his last bank-note side by side with the old enthusiast who is still testing his unsuccessful martingale with propitiatory gifts of twenty franc pieces—just to see if it will not turn out true in the end. In one respect all are alike. In the eyes of all is the fierce blaze of the gambler's fever. They play to win. *Croupier* and *tailleur* look at each other across the isthmus of the table. They know where all the money will come, sooner or later.

The *tailleur* cries "*Le jeu est fait!*"

With breathless eagerness everyone watches him deal the parcels. A moment settles it.

"*Noir gagne! Rouge perd!*"

A little cry is heard from the lower end of the table. A middle-aged man rises and goes out. The *croupier* signs to an attendant to follow him and the game goes on.

A man pushes his way to the *rouge* corner where is the empty chair. The *tailleur* nods to him. He knows the face well. The man is the Vicomte d'Arennes, a constant visitor and player. For more than a week, however, he has been absent. He does not look well. The appearance of the Vicomte's face is indeed so startling that the *tailleur* calls the *croupier's* attention to it. The *croupier* looks; he knows what it is.

"Quick consumption," he says, briefly, and shrugs his shoulders expressively. It does not trouble him. One cannot be *croupier* for ten years without seeing more terrible things than that.

In truth, the Vicomte has the malady of his line. His people have always died of it and each at an earlier age than his predecessor. The Vicomte is but thirty. His physician has ordered him to keep perfectly quiet and for a week he has obeyed.—Now for one last try at his luck.

"*Messieurs! faites votre jeu!*"

The Vicomte takes his purse from his pocket. It is wofully light, but light as it is its contents represent its owner's entire fortune—all that is left of his patrimony. Every *sou* of it but that has passed over the table to the ever greedy coffer of the *croupier*. As he is about to open his purse a fit of coughing seizes him and he bends over in anguish for a moment. He is too late for that *coup*, for the *tailleur* has begun the deal.

"*Noir gagne! Rouge perd!*"

Now is his time. The Vicomte opens his purse and empties it upon the cloth. Eighty francs. He counts them and pushes them forward upon the red. A little lady by his side, taking the last Napoleon from her purse, her dainty fingers trembling, asks him to push it over for her upon the black. He does so.

"*Le jeu est fait!*"

As he watches the *tailleur* deal the packets a bright spot appears in either cheek. His eyes flame. He must win.

"*Rouge gagne! Noir perd!*"

The rake of the *croupier* grudgingly shoves over his winnings. The Vicomte hears a sob at his elbow. It is from his neighbor who played the black. He draws two gold pieces from his stake and says, "Go! This is no place for you." His stake remains upon the red.

Again the play is made; again red wins. From time to time a fierce fit of coughing seizes the player, but he does not mind it—the game is everything to him. Red wins again! His stake is large now. The spectators gather behind his chair and opposite. The other players follow his lead and play the red. The Vicomte wins heavily. His eyes dimly see the pile of gold in front of him and he puts out his hand and caresses it. He knows what gold will buy—none better.

He knows that it won Cécile away from him. If he had but had this gold then all would have been different. But what matter? He has it now and he may get revenge. His chuckle of glee is lost in a spasm of coughing. The hectic flush upon his cheeks grows deeper.

Rouge wins again! always *rouge*. The managers of the house are near the table now. They wait to see all this money flow back again into the bank.

The Vicomte rouses himself and roughly counts his winnings. He has the limit. He leaps to his feet and cries, "*Va la Banque!*"

There is a dead silence around the table: no one else bets. All watch the player and the dealer. The Vicomte has become so weak that he has to sit down again and the spots in his cheeks flame fiercer than ever.

The *tailleur* deals slowly, first for *Noir* and then he begins again upon the *Rouge*. The Vicomte watches him with eyes growing more and more dim. The sights about him grow indistinct and he sees that which is not. The face of the dealer seems familiar. "Cécile! That is Cécile! What are you doing here? Have you come for pardon or is it only the gold that brings you here? Cécile! I forgive you."

The Vicomte falls forward and buries his face in the heap of gold before him, embracing it that it may not escape him. The red spots vanish from his cheeks. The last card for *Rouge* is turned.

"*Rouge gagne! Noir perd!*"

The bank is broken.

The Vicomte is dead.

THE MAN WHO GOT CONVERTED.

"I SUPPOSE escapes are impossible, except in novels?" said I.

"Do any of them ever reform in here?" chimed in the Theological Student at the same moment. "What do you think of converted convicts anyway?"

We were sitting in the chief warden's cozy office; and feeling abominably sober too in spite of his excellent cigars. When one is taken over a great prison he must be prepared to come out a little dejected—it is the contagion of the air. One must not expect to see a Minstrel Show, and it is doubtful if he can detect the Melodrama in it. The triumph of the Law had seemed very incomplete and pitiful as we looked on that long line of men shuffling down the corridor in the lock-step. Many of the faces were villianous, all were gloomy. An indescribable listlessness about their movements suggested the absence of the soul, and they had eyes of agate. It was such thoughts as these that were responsible for our almost painful silence, as we sat there in the warden's office busily smoking his cigars. But the inquiries of the Theological Student and myself, spoken suddenly and in concert, had broken the somewhat disagreeable charm. The Theological Student's voice was louder than mine and his questions were longer, so he may be said to have had the floor.

"What do you think of converted convicts, anyway?" he asked.

The warden stopped short in his perambulations across the room.

"What do you think of death-bed repentances?" he said.

"Why, I—I don't know!" the Theological Student spoke a trifle awkwardly.

"Well!" The warden shrugged his shoulders a little. "I don't know what I think about prison conversions. They're both about the same thing I guess—a sort of a high trump that men pull out of their sleeves, to cheat either the devil or the prison officials out of what belongs to 'em—See!—But once in a while the game's honest," he added hastily.

The chief warden made a very striking figure as he stood there. He had been a general in the late war. When he said "go!" to a person, there was a certain peculiar look in his eye that induced the individual to depart without saying a word. He was the man a woman might appeal to in a crowd.

"I can tell you about a fellow who got converted here," resumed the warden. "He was sent up for ten years; he was the meanest brute that ever put on stripes, and his eyes were like a snake's. The subtile influence of that man poisoned the whole prison. He broke out into the corridor

with a shoe knife one night, and the watchman shot at him before he dropped it. Every two or three weeks he'd have a fit in his cell, and curse till he was hoarse. Well! When that man got converted we watched him pretty close. We have to. He came it over the chaplain in three months, but it was several years before he fully convinced *me* of his sincerity. You never saw such a change come over a person in your life. He was just as respectful and obedient—but the great change was in his eye; it lost the old hang-dog look and was as as clear as a bell; and he held his head up like a man, too. You remember that great iron basin that was sunk into the wall in each cell, don't you?"

We both nodded.

"There is a little hole bored in the bottom of it," he went on, "and the acoustics are so arranged that the sounds in the cell go through. Well, every night when the watchman squinted in, he found that man praying like a fiend—every single night, for two years."

"You didn't think he was shamming then, did you?" said the Theological Student.

"I knew it was a very old game," returned the warden, "and thought he might possibly be on the make. But I had to give way at last. The secret influeuce of that man's life actually began to convert his fellow convicts. One night one of the sick prisoners was dying in the hospital, and instead of asking for the chaplain, he requested that the converted convict might come in. You could have knocked me down with a feather. I said 'yes' and staid there in the room. Well, sirs! The simple, unaffected, manly way with which that convict spoke to the dying man made my eyes wet. There was no cant about him either. He was the man for the hour."

"The world has more need for that man," said I, "than a prison has."

"That's just what I said myself," exclaimed the warden, "and I exerted all my influence in his behalf, and managed to secure him a full pardon."

"Well done!" I cried.

"That shows what honesty will do for a man," said the Theological Student.

"That isn't quite all of the story though," resumed the warden. "The day I got the pardon for him he came into the office in a suit of citizen's clothes. He seemed all broken up. 'General,' said he, 'am I at liberty? Are you sure?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and you are my personal friend. If there is anything you want, name it. If you want money——'

"'Gentlemen,' interrupted the convict,—his voice quavered, but he stood up very straight—'there is only one thing I am going to ask. It is just this. That old Bible, which I learned to use in here, which has so many associations for me, and which has changed the whole character of my life—I want that Bible.'"

The Theological Student drew in his breath. The warden went on.

"I gave it to him. Very carefully he received it into his hands—you would have thought it was a baby. Very reverently he raised it to his lips, and talked to it—his words seemed choking him: 'You have done for me more than I thought you would, you have helped me more than I hoped you could, you have made me what I am—He looked up. The mask fell from his face. In a flash he was changed back into his old self again. His voice rose into a hoarse shriek —'*Now, go to Hell!*' And slamming the book across the room he burst it against the wall. He went out in one of his old fits of cursing. I shall never forget that face as he turned around at the door. It had snake's eyes again, and its leer was Satan's own."

The warden sat down, and reaching over the table picked a speckled cigar out of the box.

"By Jove, General" I cried, "how that man must have gloated over that *dénouement!* how he must have repeated it over to himself as he lay in his cell at night and fairly fed on it in his thoughts; when one little overt act of his would have destroyed the hypocrisy of years!" The warden remained silent.

"Well!" I said with an unnatural laugh, "he took the trick!—and that's the great aim in life after all. He knew how to lay his cards down!—he played the knave."

"No," Said the Theological Student "he played the fool."

The warden bit the end off his cigar.

"That sort of thing may take an occasional trick," he said, "but it can't win a game. Six months later he turned up in Sing Sing."

Zanthon.

VERSE.

IN THE SPRING.

"In the Spring a livlier iris
Glitters on the burnished dove:
In the Spring a young man's fancies
Lightly turn to thoughts of love."

Tennyson.

In the Spring the blue-line horse-car
Where you ride for half a dime,
Jouncing through the streets of Hartford,
Sometimes makes a trip on time.

In the Spring the last year's blackbirds
High on Dr. Pynchon's trees,
Make an awful fuss of courting,
Swinging in the vernal breeze.

In the Spring the college ball-nine
Start upon their Easter trip;
Play the first game pretty fairly,
Then they seem to lose their grip.

In the Spring the solemn Seniors
Give their orders for new suits,—
If their credit is elastic,
Stretch it for some new dress boots.

In the Spring the ancient clothes man
Calls, your overcoat to see,
Gives a side glance, says, "Von dollar."
Trust him not, he's fooling thee.

In the Spring you'll need that garment
More than any other thing,
'Twill be raw and cold till Summer,
Then you'll say, "there was no Spring."

In the Spring the college poet
Feels impelled to gush in rhyme,
But the laws of English metre
Balk his efforts every time.

W.

QUAINT WOOING.

Down on the brink of a rippling brook
Grows an oak-tree leafy and tall,
Whose limbs were a sheltered little nook
For an owlet, downy and small.
When shadows steal from the star-lit skies
And a coolness the air distills,
Within her dainty bower she flies
And lists to the song that thrills:—
"To whit to who, to whit to who,"
While the dews are softly falling.
"I love but you, oh sweetest and true,"
Was her lover ever calling.

Soft as the whispering summer breeze
Poured his heart-song tenderly gay,
Caressing in every note the leaves
While the night-mist guided its way;—
"Oh owlet fluffy, my feathered love,
How rich are these sweets, my guest!
The cornfields yellow wherein I rove
Sleek mice send they to thy nest.
To whit to who, to whit to who,"
In the golden twilight whoing,
"My own one true, but I love you,"
Was there ever so quaint a wooing?

F.

FOR SALE,

A HORSE,

In good condition,
Cheap, on account of competition,
Well-broken, easy on his bridle,
With curb or snaffle never idle—
A very little child can ride him,
And carry three or four beside him,
Why plod when you can ride so cheaply?
There is no need to ponder deeply—
I'll warrant he'll not bite nor kick you—
I've not the slightest wish to stick you—
However short you are you're suited,
For low-stand men can mount when booted,
Come, buy my steed with manner gracious,
He'll aid your reading of Horatius.

JACQUEMINOTS.

I sent Babette some Jacqueminots,
(They cost, I own, a "*V*")
Enclosed therewith a bit of verse,
Which breathed fidelity.

Babette returned my Jacqueminots,
(I seemed out just a "*V*")
She scorned my dainty bit of verse,
And sent back both to me.

I sent the verse to an Editor,
(And Fate smiled tranquilly)
His check just paid for the Jacqueminots,
He sent me back a "*V*."

LOVE'S SECRET.

Well I know she is not handsome
She can neither sing nor dance:
But I strangely am attracted
By each careless nod and glance
Of my Madeline.

Quite a philanthropic feeling
Is my love, so true and rare,
For she's burdened with great riches
In which burden I would share
With my Madeline.

Since from heavy care to shield her
Each and every purpose tends.
I will help to clip the coupons
And I'll draw the dividends
Of my Madeline.

Nov.

TWO TO ONE.

We played at cards in early fall.
The trump was hearts. She held them all.
We played at cards.
She won.

We played at love one day in June,
One long-remembered afternoon.
We played at love.
I won.

He played at church—the organist—
A bride was rapturously kissed.
He played at church.
We're one.

THE STORY OF SYLVIA.

It was a bright October day when Sylvia took her basket on her arm and left her father's house. The sky was blue, dotted here and there with fleecy clouds, seemingly miles away. Although the sun shone brightly on that Indian Summer's day, there was still enough frost in the air to quicken Sylvia's pulse, and send the warm blood tingling to her cheeks.

Sylvia was going far up upon the mountain to seek the smooth brown chestnuts, whose prickly armor must have been penetrated by last night's frost.

Up past the cider-mill she trips, where the air is redolent of apples and where the full casks of new-made cider are rapidly purifying in the warm sunshine. Within the long low building the patient oxen toil round and round, obedient to the lash of the laughing urchin who rides around and ducks his head to avoid the beam; the apples are ground to bits by the ponderous rollers; farther along her father and his helpers are preparing for a "press." As Sylvia passes, the dark eyes beneath her wavy hair dart a roguish glance toward "Joe," her father's handsome young helper, a glance that completely destroys that young man's peace of mind, and causes his heart to "thump" more strongly; why not? For he is Sylvia's lover. In this rural hamlet among the Blue Ridge mountains the "hired man" is not a menial but an equal, indeed his position is often that of Jacob in the household of Laban.

As Sylvia mounts higher she stops frequently to look back. There below her is the old farmhouse, with its sloping roofs and weatherbeaten sides; around it are the brown farm-buildings, scattered about with delightful carelessness and waste of room; beyond, the yellow-foliaged orchards in their trim array and broad fields of stubble; still farther on a white steeple rises from the bright-colored foliage of the encircling trees.

With springing steps, Sylvia climbs the mountain pastures covered with the red, frost-covered huckleberry bushes, and the fragrant sweet fern still clinging to its balls of seed; every rock is covered with running vines.

Every feature of the landscape Sylvia knows and loves; there is not a tree but has protected her from the burning summer's sun. Not a thicket where she has not hunted for wintergreen and dark red partridge berries, or sought the sweet arbutus among the dead leaves of the previous autumn.

As she ascends, the way becomes steeper; craggy ledges succeed scattered rocks; a mountain brook goes dancing merrily down into the laurel thicket where the partridge delights to drum upon some fallen trunk.

Everywhere tower the stately chestnut trees whose brown and yellow leaves and prickly burrs drop with every breeze.

Sylvia has reached her destination. A gentle slope covered with soft thick grass once the delight of the daintily nibbling sheep but now becoming white and sere with the Autumnal frosts. A steep ledge rises up before her, along whose base grow chestnut trees well known for the size and quantity of the nuts they produce.

As she approaches the squirrels scoldingly chatter away or run off with cheeks widely distended. But there are enough for all; for the ground is covered with the glossy nuts fallen from their soft white nests within the burrs.

The basket filled, Sylvia wanders along the ledge, twirling her bonnet by its string, her soft hair blowing about her face, a picture of rustic health and beauty.

After a little, the ledge becomes more broken, and is filled with seams and fissures some of which seem to penetrate far into the rock, like an entrance into some gloomy cavern. The rock hangs over above, forming a little grotto. A tall hemlock, irregular in shape, with its top shattered by the lightning, casts a dark shade over the steep precipice beyond.

As Sylvia advances, on a sudden just before her, rises that horrible, dreadful sound, that sound which causes man and beast to start with fright, the warning, angry rattle of the disturbed rattlesnake. The horrid reptile raises up his flat, triangular head, fixing his glittering eyes, that fascinate while they threaten, upon the intruder. Again the up-

right many-jointed tail gives forth that fearful sound as the thick coils are adjusted for the fatal stroke. But Sylvia is a mountain girl of strong nerves, and she is nothing daunted; many a *crotalus* has she seen before, yes, and killed, upon this very mountain. She steps quickly backward with eyes fixed upon the foe, when suddenly she sets her foot upon a rolling stone, slips, and falls directly in front of those strangely glittering eyes, within striking distance, and in another second those awful fangs are buried, once, twice, in her cheek. With a piercing cry of horror and despair she springs to her feet, totters a moment and falls in a merciful faint, while the loathsome, hideous, serpent, with one final whirring note of defiance, crawls back again far into the hollow cleft.

It was morning when they found her, lying dead where she had fallen. The morning sun had not yet penetrated that recess where Sylvia lay, her face swollen and discolored, her beauty vanished as by a sorcerer's touch. The very squirrels seem to know her pitiable fate, and they chatter with alarm and awe upon the neighboring rocks; the bluejay screams a more discordant note than usual from the top of the smitten hemlock. All these creatures knew the ringing laugh and light step of Sylvia and now they wonder at her lying there so strangely still. Even the tall trees seem to nod and sigh over her and drop their leaves like gently falling tears.

From that hour Joseph Wright, Sylvia's lover, was never seen to smile, and he, who had been the center of all mirth and fun, the life of every rustic gathering, was never heard to speak a single word. After Sylvia had been laid to rest in the little village church-yard, he disappeared and left no trace behind.

More than forty years after, there appeared the following in a Knoxville, Tenn. paper:

"Rattlesnake Joe, a character well known in S——— County, was found dead last week in his miserable hut among the mountains. His true name is unknown and he is supposed to have been crazy; he had a mania for killing rattlesnakes and his collection of upwards of one thousand rattles has been sent to X———Institute."

When I visited that little hamlet among the Pennsylvania mountains, the old homestead, where Sylvia lived, was still standing but occupied by strangers. And it was in the little church-yard beside a leaning headstone that an aged man told me the story of Sylvia.

ACES.

I.

"LLOYD-SMYTHE, you are cheating." Upon a desk drawn into the middle of the floor are piled seven heaps of ivory discs; white, blue, and scarlet. The heaps are of different sizes. Magolphin has only two of the blue discs left. Van Derveer's are methodically arranged, each color by itself. Jack Hotstuff's lie scattered before him, pell-mell. Lloyd-Smythe has the largest heap. Behind the players, looking over their shoulders stands a ring of spectators. No one speaks, not even Rosenthal, the college wit. Every one is intent upon the game. On the table lies money. It is a cash game; I O U's are debarred.

Then Van Derveer glances up from his hand, upon which he has apparently been intent, and says very naturally:

"Lloyd-Smythe, you are cheating."

"I saw you exchange a card from your hand for the one you just took from under your waistcoat;" he adds, in that lazy English drawl of his, picking up his half-smoked cigarette from the desk. "The trick is an old one;" he remarks as he blows a ring and watches it widen as it floats toward the ceiling; "and clumsy at that. Lloyd-Smythe, you are a cad," he concludes deliberately, as the ring breaks into a whirling cloud of blue smoke: "You will oblige me by leaving my room."

The eyes of the crowd mechanically follow the ascent of the smoke-ring. Then it bursts, and they are all riveted upon Lloyd-Smythe's face, which is as white as his collar. A stammering denial trembles on his lips. A hum of disbelief arises from the crowd, —chiefly from the men who wear society pins similar to his.

Then Van Derveer rises, and, leaning over the table with a quick motion that scatters the chips, he rips open Lloyd-Smythe's waistcoat. The condemning cards slide out and

lie on the floor, face upward, among the scattered chips. There are three; the ace of hearts, of diamonds, and of clubs. There is still another. An insignificant two of clubs lies apart by itself.

"You see, fellows," he says as he glances around at the shocked faces. "Your cap is yonder on the chair, the low one in the corner."

"Four aces, you observe," he says, picking up the hand that Lloyd-Smythe had flung down as he left the room. "I have suspected him for some time. He won too steadily—That is the waiter with the corkscrew. Come! Put it on the stand with the bottles, and, waiter, just take this note to Mr. Lloyd-Smythe's room, number 91, I believe." He picks up three bills from the desk, hastily scribbles something on a scrap of paper, and puts it and the bills into the envelope and seals it. "The money he brought in to-night," he explains, as the waiter goes out; "the cur may need it to get out of town."

"The low houn' hadn' bettah sho' 'is face roun' yeah, no mo'," ejaculated Jefferson Davis Ingram, the fiery and chivalrous gentleman from the south. "He ain' no gen-'lman. Whe'ahs the dam' corkscrew?

II.

Lloyd-Smythe sits alone in his study, stupidly gazing into the fire that crackles on the hearth. He had picked up his hat and left the room without a word, half-dazed by the suddenness of it all. Now he begins to realize what he has done. It all comes back to him: the cool scorn of Van Derveer's words, which sting now like so many cuts from a whip; the shocked faces; the three cards lying on the floor. There is a knock at the door. Lloyd-Smythe starts as at the snap of a spring. Another knock. He does not answer. Then some one turns the knob. The door is locked. After a pause a letter is slipped under the door. Lloyd-Smythe listens with strained attention until the steps have thumped down the stairs and the section door bangs. Then he steals to the door and nervously tears open the envelope. He finds three ten dollar bills and a slip of paper upon which is scrawled, in Van Derveer's handwriting, "Your money. Permit me to advise you to leave Unity College at your earliest convenience. We can make it uncomfortable for you around here."

He begins to realize what will happen. He cannot stay; that is clear. The ugly story will be all over college by the second recitation to-morrow. His society will expel him. He will be openly cut. They will chatter about the thing around town. Within three days he will not be received at a house in Beeresford. "Van Derveer advises well," he says with a laugh, giving the log a vicious poke that sends the red sparks dancing up the black chimney. "How I wish I could get even with him. The thirty dollars will just take me home." Home! What is he thinking of? How can he explain his sudden appearance there? Besides, the Faculty will write to inquire into his sudden withdrawal. He cannot lie out of this as he lied about his visit to Van Derveer's, at Newport, last summer. He cannot go home. And yet,—what can he do? "Where can I find work without a certificate of flawless character from somebody or other?" he reflects bitterly. No, he must go home. Then he begins to think of his mother who has been so ambitious for "her boy," and has worked so hard to give him the education she never had. How they have all scrimped and saved to send him to college, and he—he had repaid them by being ashamed of their common ways when he had returned for his first vacation. He had not been home since. Why had he ever come to college, anyway? How he had idled his time. Why had he not been content to live within his means? What had become of the lofty ideals and earnest purposes with which he had come to college? Why had he run into debt to keep up with men whose fathers were worth a hundred dollars where his was worth one? To ward off the inevitable crash he had taken to gambling. At first he played fairly and won. The sops he flung the tradesmen kept them off for awhile. Then he lost, and his creditors again threatened to send home his bills. It was such an easy way out of the matter. Those fellows would never miss the money. He would win enough to pay his debts, and then stop. And now—

He could go home and tell his mother all. She would stand between him and the wrath of his father. "It will kill her, though." He sees her worn face quiver as he tells her.

His father would not speak to him. He would speak of him to his mother as "that son of yours." His father always held the mother to account for her son's misdoings. The brunt of his anger would fall upon her.

Could he keep it from them, and brave out the year and a half that remained of the four? He would be dropped by his old friends. They were not all immaculate, those same friends. Van Derveer himself had committed "all the sins in the calendar that a gentleman consistantly could," as he himself put it. Morton who was studying for the church had conscientiously cheated for his high stand in the class. Jack Hotstuff was avowedly disreputable, but had not lost cast at college on that account. Rossignol—bah! why should they throw stones at him? Were they not partially responsible for the hideous thing he had done? They were not over squeamish. They would overlook much. But cheating at cards—that was another matter.

He thinks of going up to kind hearted Dr. Hurd's room, and asking his help. He starts up to go; but pride holds him back. How can he tell him? How can he face the men to-morrow? How can he go home? he asks himself as he nervously tramps up and down his study. He comes to a sudden halt—Bah! He will do none of these things. He looks about the room. There is a bright-colored sash hanging over the back of a chair. He takes it off. One end he flings over the gas fixture. Then he mooves the table carefully away and brings a chair. Next he makes a noose of the scarlet scarf, very carefully, that it may not become undone. He steps upon the chair and ties the other end of the scarf to the fixture, testing it with a jerk. A novel—*Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*, lying upon the desk—catches his eye. "That is better. I am an admirer of Mr. Saltus' methods," he says with a smile. He gets down from the chair and puts it and the table back in their places. He picks up the novel and tosses it to the window seat. He takes from his desk paper and an envelope. Upon the paper he commences a letter to his mother. The letter is cheerful and very tender, more tender than his letters have been of late. He asks about all the little home happenings. On the middle of the third page he breaks off abruptly;—"but I am growing too sleepy to see. I will say 'Good-Night' now and finish this in the morning." "A lie to the last," he says bitterly. "It will please her though. She will never know." Then he addresses the envelope and lays it beside the letter.

He picks up Van Derveer's note and flings it into the fire and watches it writhe in the flames. Then he closes the windows securely and throws a rug before the crack under the door. Next he brings the pillows from the window-seat and arranges them before the fire. He gazes fondly around the room with its books and tasteful pictures: "The tradesmen will come into their own again," he says with another laugh. Then he turns out the light, and stands for a moment looking into the fire that is dying out on the hearth. The knobs of the polished andirons reflect his face with comical distortion. The chubby faced clock upon the mantel piece ticks very distinctly, he notices. Then he turns on the gas and lies down amid the cushions.

III.

The next morning the college buzzed with the story.

Brompton (Brompton does not play; but Bobbie Day, his cherub-faced chum, had been in Van Derveer's room the night before, and had awakened him to tell the scandal) exerted himself to get up for breakfast—a meal he usually omitted—in order to spread the tale. The men he did not see at breakfast he managed to see before chapel.

The woman who cared for the college rooms found Lloyd-Smythe later in the day.

He had his revenge upon Van Derveer, after all. The men who at breakfast had applauded Van Derveer for his nerve, and reviled Lloyd-Smythe, at dinner pitied "poor Lloyd-Smythe" and looked askance upon Van Derveer.

Brompton said he had never believed the story anyway; and started a subscription for flowers.

Jonathan F. Jones.

Ye CRAFTY SHEPPARDE.

THE following ballad was unearthed by a mousing antiquarian among the cobwebs of the attic of Northam. It had been inserted by some forgotten lover of the Muse between the leaves of a dog-eared and tattered volume in Black Letter which had once been beautifully illuminated (in the style of the Dark Ages), and which bore this inscription on the title-page:

YE TRYNITIE YVIE,
SQUOOSERIUM CLASSIS.
Sanc. Trin. Coll.
MDCCCXCII.

YE CRAFTY SHEPPARDE.

I.

In Brisstle's Phayre Arkaydion Vayles
A Sheppherd dwell'd of Yoore;
His Yoweth hee spent inn Writynge Taales
Ovv Thondre, bloud and Goare.

II.

Yee Scheaphorde hed a coomlye cheke,
Fulle, fatte AND forty Hee;
Colde hold, whan thatte he con'd His Greke,
Ate Hourses on one Knee.

III.

He beene a Moost ackomplish't Wite,
Cold parle sixe (6) Lingoes Goode,
Proph-parallyzinge Theems Yndite,
Welle, y schowd saye hee Coude!

IV.

One Daye whanne Hennes dydde i-syng,
All in yee Forreste grene,
Ye sayde Swayne caste into ye Rynge
His gayge of Fite, Y weane.

V.

"Hoe," lowd hee cryde, "yee Haysedes alle,
I ye wil schmutzig doo,
Att boxe or Wrasstle, an ye Wolle,
Or Eke att runnyng too.

VI.

Thenne upprose ye Gallaunt Sir Belle-videre,
* * * * * * *
"Hah! caytives, stande ye Blenchyng soe?
Mesilf will wrace wid ye."

VII.

"Fee faw fum, fee faw fum,
Y smelle ye B-lud on ye Moone.
And wille ye, Sir Knite soe Draddeful Dumbe,
Runne race with a Champioon?"

VIII.

"False Painym, i wille! Though yee have monie Pardes,
A boulde, Badde Roog ye Be!"
"Then give me mine Handycappe, 15 Yerdes,
Or Ile not wrace wid ye."

IX.

"I graunt ye Thine Handycap, Crayven," he Sedde,
"And will doe ye tille yee Crawles,"
Noe more; theye war playced; they Calle to ther Ayde
Oulde Ingelond and Seynte Chawles.

* * * * * * *

XXV.

Ye Schebhourde hee ffelte he war goeyng too flunke,
AND hee Play'd his Laste Skyn-Roole,
He Cawled uppe ye Feende from ye Regions dunke,
And ofered To trayde his Sowle.

XXVI.

Ye Feende was Gladde, and gave him to Drinke
Of yee Landlourd's flowing Boule,
He wonne ye wrace Bye Three (3) Lengths, ye Juges thynke,
Ande then Wrespectfully deeclyn'd to deliver his Sowle, as per Contracte.

NOTES.—Stanza 2-2. The ingenuity of the learned has been expended in vain upon this word AND. Why should it be capitalized? The most probable guess is that of Donnelly, that it was a secret cypher indicating that the ballad was written by Spacon, or some other contemporary of W. Bakespeare.

Stanza 2-4.—"Ate (8) Hourses" is by some read "A torso." But this would argue an acquaintance with metaphysics on the part of our unlettered bard.

Stanza 3-2.—The ingenious bard has killed several birds with one stone; he deftly insinuates that his hero had the languages in question "cold"; that is, stark, stiff, dead; likewise, that he employed a nasal pronunciation.

Stanza 4-4.—*Weane*=ween, in "I ween I scored a ten-spot;" "Weenest thou we shall have a cut to-day?"

Stanza 5-1.—*Hoe* is not a verb.

Stanza 6-1.—*Gallaunt* is derived from *gal*, with a reminiscence of Anglo-Saxon *gall*, cheek, i. e., smooth-shaven. *Belle-videre; videre*, =to look at, to wink, to "mash"—belles.

Stanza 6-2.—This line is here expurgated, but will be on exhibition to persons provided with certificates of good character.

Stanza 7-1. Quotation from "Jack the Giant-Killer," or else an example of the adage "Great minds," etc.

Stanza 7-2. Orthœpists think this word was probably pronounced almost *bur-r-r-lud*. Gore on the moon is an old superstition, and probably arose from a conception of this luminary as a cow of sanguinary disposition, with horns (cf. Latin *cornu-copia*, full horn, according to both Gambrinus and Beersen, *Proceedings of the Berlin Burschverein*).

Stanza 7-3.—*Dumbe* does *not* mean speechless. A dumb waiter is not, at least in the writer's experience, necessarily a waiter who is silent.

Stanza 8-4. Our Hibernian friends claim with reason to speak an older and purer English. Cf. Stanza 6-4.

Stanza 10 and following. We are obliged again to expurgate. Longfellow's poems have just been excluded from the public schools of Brooklyn on the ground of immodesty, and we do not desire to encounter a similar fate.

Stanza 25, verse 2. Here we encounter again that mysterious AND in small capitals, an enigma to all the critics. *Skyn-Roole* refers to an old custom of the Norsemen. They wrote their memoranda or *kribr* upon the hides of wild animals, which they used as amulets to ward off disaster.

Verse 3. *Dunke* means dark, German *dunkel*.

Stanza 26. The people of Brisstle (the exact location of this place is doubtful, some identifying it with Pigville), have always been noted for their shrewdness.

Hal.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

The Senior Class and Base-Ball Association Assembly was held Friday evening, April 3d. A large number was in attendance and the event was a very successful one. The following were the patronesses: Mrs. George Williamson Smith, Mrs. Frank W. Cheney, Mrs. Jacob Knous, Mrs. F. W. Russell, Mrs. P. H. Ingalls, Mrs. Pierre S. Starr, Mrs. Watson Webb, Mrs. H. C. Robinson, Mrs. Nathaniel Shipman, Mrs. E. H. Colt, Mrs. C. F. Johnson, Mrs. George W. Beach, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Mrs. William Hamersley, Mrs. Seth Talcott, Mrs. Knight D. Cheney, Mrs. William G. Bulkeley.

The Sophomore German Club gave its third german Tuesday evening, March 31st. The leaders were Louis D. Hubbard with Miss Knous, and George D. Hartley with Miss Beach. Others present were E. K. Hubbard, Jr., '92, with Miss H. B. Cheney, Gordon Hall with Miss Annie Johnson, B. W. Morris, Jr., '93, with Miss Grace Plimpton, C. A. Lewis with Miss Allen, W. C. Niles with Miss Karr, H. H. Pelton with Miss Buck, R. D. Weeks with Miss Ward, G. H. Wilson with Miss McCook, W. C. D. Willson with Miss Hart, L. V. Lockwood with Miss Barker of Pittsfield, E. S. Allen with Miss Webb, and A. H. Sibley '92, H. S. Graves '92, and L. A. Carter '93.

C. A. Johnson, '92, has been elected to fill the vacancy on the editorial board made vacant by the resignation of T. McKean, Jr.

By voluntary gifts of the students and friends engaged in Sunday work at the Hartford Hospital, a cabinet organ and prayer desks have been procured for use at the services.

The Rev. William Lawrence, D. D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, preached in the chapel, Sunday morning, April 5th.

The Athenæum Literary Society has elected officers for the third term as follows: President, R. Pearce; Vice-President, R. H. Woffenden; Secretary and Treasurer, S. H. Littell; 1st Councillor, H. C. Gilbert; 2d Councillor, N. T. Pratt; Editor, R. F. Humphries.

The TABLET has awarded the first prize in the story competition to C. S. Taylor, '92, the author of "Or the Golden Bowl be Broken," appearing in this number. R. P. Bates, '93, the author of "Sylvia," which also appears, is awarded a second prize.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs assisted in an entertainment given in Hartford, April 2d, under the auspices of the Woman's Union for Home Work. The following dates for concerts have been arranged: April 9th, Chicopee; 14th, Farmington; May 8th, Windsor Locks, 12th, Hartford, with Brown University Clubs; 15th, Stamford; 27th, Springfield; June 12th or 15th, Suffield.

The "Easter" recess, so called, begins Friday, April 17th, and extends ten days to Monday, April 27th.

The Committee on the Oratoricals have up to this time received the following names entered for the contest: J. F. Plumb, H. Parrish, D. Van Schaack, '91; T. W. Goodridge, '92, C. C. Barton, Jr., and R. Pearce, '93.

The custom of the reading-room committee, by which old newspapers are removed but once a week leads to the inconvenience of many who find on Saturday the papers of the days immediately preceding not on the racks. Cannot this be remedied?

The familiar face of "Apples," whom rumor had consigned to the embrace of his forefathers, is again about the College. He is as eloquent as ever.

The annual dinner of the New York Association of the Alumni of Trinity, which was postponed this year until after Easter on account of the early date of Ash Wednesnay, will be held at Delmonico's on the night of Friday, April 17th. A large number of guests is looked for. These annual alumni association dinners fulfill a most important purpose in keeping Trinity before the public, and in maintaining the interest of the alumni in the college. The committee of the New York Association are John S. Smith, *Chairman;* William R. Mowe, F. deP. Hall, Robert Thorne and Willard Scudder.

President Smith recently delivered an address before the Hartford Board of Trade. The President spoke of the relation of Trinity to Hartford.

Exchanges are printing the interesting fact that the average Wellesley girl weighs 119½ lbs., and is 5 feet 2 inches in height. They omit to give her waist measure or how she does her hair.

A petition signed by all the students has been sent to the Hartford postmaster to have the college mail delivered earlier at the morning delivery.

A gift of $25,000 to Trinity from Mr. Henry Keney and Mrs. Walter Keney has been announced.

At a large number of colleges where caps and gowns have not been worn during commencement week, the present senior classes have resolved to inaugurate the custom. Brown is the latest.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a concert at Chicopee, Mass., April 9. The Glee Club's programme included many new numbers. An entirely new programme will be given at Farmington, Tuesday, April 14.

It is understood that a prize of $50 will be awarded to the Hartford Student who enters Trinity College next year on the best examination.

TRYING FOR THE TEAM.

I watch it's blaze in mute complaining ;
The fire can smoke—but I'm in training.

The *Ivy* will be issued the middle of next week. It will be of the usual size, but will contain nearly twenty new cuts and four full-page photographs. A photograph of the old college is the frontispiece and the others are of the foot-ball team, the Glee and the Banjo Clubs. The book will be bound in dark-blue cloth with gold trimmings. On account of the expense of the additional features, the price will be raised to about $1, with reductions for extra copies. Pitblado, '91, Yardley, '92, and Greenley, '94, have contributed the new drawings.

The first of the series of afternoon dances to be given in Alumni Hall was held this afternoon. The future dates are May 9th, 16th and 23d.

The Press club has added the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, the Albany *Journal* and the Boston *Referee* to its list for correspondence.

"Students who use tobacco in any form are denied admission to the University of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal." One step in the right direction. Now if our Faculties would only take another forbidding the use of hair-oil or the wearing of loud trousers, the moral tone of the College Man would be put upon a firm basis.

The Amherst nine has been invited to play the West Point team at the time of the West Point commencement in June.

Harvard is thinking of presenting another Greek play, so great was the interest awaked by the classic production of the Œdipus Tyrannus some years ago.

THE DEFENCE.

"Phyllis dyes he tresses black,
Puts vermillion on her cheeks,
Fails to count correctly back
When about her age she speaks."

Thus the charge against her goes.
"Who has made it?" Who can tell?
It must be that she has foes
As has every charming belle.

Can it be that jealous girls,
Full of envy, hate and spleen,
Cast reflections on her curls,
Prettier than their's I ween?

Or has disappointed love
Turned a suitor to a churl,
Made him hint her age above
That of any other girl?

And her colour—look at it!
Can you say it's due to art?
No—I tell you—not a whit.
'Tis the blood straight from her heart.

Phyllis's own hair is black.
Only Nature tints her cheeks.
In addition, she doth lack
Of being seventeen, two weeks.

Many Japanese students will be attracted to Harvard by the granting of the petition of the five Japanese students to be allowed to register as candidates for the A. B. degree, substituting Chinese and Japanese for Latin and Greek.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

The annual gymnasium exhibition took place last Tuesday evening. There was an evident lack of practice in many of the exhibitions, but the contests were strongly competed for. The cup for the best exhibition on the parallel bars was won by Miller, '92, and the McCrackan cup for best all around work was awarded to Hubbell, '93. Following is the list of events and winners: Standing high jump, Strong, '94, 4 ft. 5 in.; Hubbell, '93, second. Running high jump, Niles, '93, 5 ft. 2 in.; Strong, '94, second. Rope climbing, J. Lewis, '93, 9⅜ seconds; Jobe, '93, second. High kick, Hubbell, '93, 7 ft. 11¼ in.; Greenley, '94, second. Vaulting, Miller, '92, 6 ft. 7⅜ in.; Hubbell, '93, second. 20-yards dash, Graves, '92, 2 4-5 sec.; Dingwall, '94, second. Potato Race, Lewis, '93; Hill, '93, second. Obstacle Race, Hill, '93; Dingwall, '93, second. After the awarding of the prizes, Prof. McCook presented to the Athletic Association, two flags—a streamer and a college flag. Prof. McCook also presented in his own name a large United States flag. The streamer and college flag were made by six young ladies in the city. T. P. Thurston, '91, as President of the Athletic Association, received the flags. The streamer, which is thirty feet long, is of blue and gold, and bears the words "Floreat Trinitas." The college flag and United States flag are fourteen by nine feet in dimensions.

RECENT LECTURES.

The second lecture of Mr. RICHARD E. BURTON'S course was delivered at Alumni Hall, Thursday evening, April 2. The Subject was Rudyard Kipling. While lacking the romantic charm of the lecture on Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Burton's discourse was very interesting. His account of the great literary syndicate was novel and startling. The third and final lecture of Mr. Burton's course will be given April 16th. The subject is Walt Whitman.

Professor LUTHER used to delight the college with a series of lectures on the History of Mathematics, but for several years he has discontinued doing so. To the Athenæum Society is due the credit of again giving the students a chance to hear the professor as a lecturer. When it was announced that he would deliver a paper on Descartes the evening of Monday, March 30, the Latin room was packed by an audience who enjoyed every minute of the hour. Professor Luther has a rare way of making even the most impossible subjects thoroughly interesting. It is the wish of all that he would continue his mathematical lectures.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball team commences its annual spring trip on the 17th of April, when it plays Columbia in New York. On the 18th they meet Rutgers at New Brunswick; 21st, Lafayette at Easton; 22d, Lehigh at Bethlehem; 23d, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; 24th, Dickinson at Carlisle.

With the returning base-ball season we find five of last year's team back, and also plenty of good material to fill vacant positions. With two promising men on first and second bases, the infield will be as strong as ever, with possibly the exception of first base, which seems to be a hard place to fill. In the outfield there are two vacancies—center and right—which will be filled from six competitors. Practice games have been played on the field every pleasant day, and there is an apparent improvement of the batting of the team. There is, however, a lack of team work, which must be corrected by hard practice.

PLAINVILLE *vs.* TRINITY.

The first game of base-ball this season was played against the Plainville team, on the home grounds, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 7th. This nine belongs to the Connecticut State League. It was noticeable throughout the entire game that Trinity was batting hard and well, and it is seen, from this practice game, that wherein we were weakest last year, we are up to the average, at least, this season. The battery work of Hamlin and Graves was admirable, Graves throwing much better than ever before. Though taking into consideration the coldness of the day, the work of both the in and out-field was much poorer than it should have been. After the first half of the ninth inning had been played the game had to be called to enable the visiting team to reach a train, leaving the score a tie, at 6—6.

FORDHAM *vs.* TRINITY.

The base-ball team played a very close and interesting game at Fordham, New York, on Thursday last. Ten innings were necessary to decide the contest. With three men on bases and one man out, in the tenth inning, Hamlin's pitching prevented a score. Dingwall hit for three bases, and scored on an overthrow to third. Score 4–5 for Trinity. Fordham made seven errors, Trinity six. There was heavy batting on both sides and the fielding was good, especially in the outfield. Trinity's team was as follows: Graves, catcher; Hamlin, pitcher; Hubbard, '92, 1st base; Dingwall, 2d base; Thurston, short-stop; Hill, 3d base; Mallory, left field; Paine, center field; Muzzy, right field.

Mr. E. J. Dooley, formerly Musical Director at the Opera House, has opened music rooms at 271 Main street, and makes a specialty of teaching voice culture, elocution, and dramatic action.

PERSONALS.

JAMES D. SMITH, of the Class of '74, was recently appointed by the Governor of Iowa to the District Judgship of Burlington. The *Burlington Gazette*, commenting on the appointment, says: "Never did the mantle of an upright judge fall upon worthier shoulders. * * * * Thoroughly competent, well-read in law, courteous and kind, Mr. James D. Smith will make his court the same high standard of right that made it famous under Judge Phelps."

A. H. ANDERSON, '87, who has been dangerously ill with typhoid fever in New York, has so far improved as to be able to be out next week.

The following alumni have recently visited college: Kramer '89, Jarvis '89, Hutchins, '90, Pynchon, '90, E. Bulkley, '90.

The engagement of ROMILLY F. HUMPHRIES, '92, and Miss E. J. THURSTON of Hartford, is announced.

BURTON PARKER, '93, has returned to college after an illness of several weeks with typhoid fever.

NECROLOGY.

To the Class of '85:—It was proposed to have printed in the colums of the TABLET a copy of the Resolution drawn by a committee of '85, and referring to the death of Mr. ALBERT D. NEELY. Circumstances have compelled its delay so long that it is deemed advisable not to publish it at this date. A copy has been sent to each member of the Class, to the father and mother of the deceased, and to the Psi Upsilon Chapter of Trinity College. SAMUEL S. MITCHEL,
Secretary.

The Rev. WILLIAM PAYNE, D. D., valedictorian of the Class of 1834, died in Schenectady, N. Y., March 19th, aged 76 years. Mr. Payne studied theology at the General Seminary in New York, and from 1838 to 1846 was Rector of St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, Conn. In 1847–48 he was Adjunct Professor of the Ancient Languages here, and in the last-mentioned year he took charge of St. George's Church, Schenectady, continuing in that parish as rector and rector *emeritus* until his death. Dr. Payne was one of the most influential and prominent clergymen of the Diocese of Albany, and was widely known and deservedly respected. While an undergraduate he was chief editor of the *Hermethenean*, our first college paper; and while professor, he edited the *Calendar*. In 1874, he delivered before the alumni an address commemorative of President Jackson. Dr. Payne's degree in divinity was conferred by Hobart College in 1859. His son, the Rev. John William Payne was graduated here in 1861, and died some seven years ago.

AMONG THE EXCHANGES.

ONE of the anomalies of college life is the Typical College Literary Man. He is very bright. Everybody regards him as "promising" —from his teachers to his tailors. But will he fulfill? He regards many of the studies of the curriculum as irrelevant—"a duced bore." He is devoting himself to literature, to a misdirected study of "style." He reads the most extravagantly written novels and "Prose Pastels" for the form of expression. And he writes stories of his own, too; choking his individuality and possibility of literary growth, by servilely copying the preposterously gaudy style of some one else. He assimilates words, phrases and sentences, insidious alliterations and brilliant similes, and makes them his own. He is not a word painter. He is a worker in mosaics—a little child with a puzzle-map, putting the pieces together and crowing with delight at his own brightness.

The great charge we make against the Typical College Literary Man is this: the places the *idea* and the *form of expression* in antithesis, and then deliberately selects the *form of expression* as being of the more importance. He discounts the opportunities of the college course in order to acquire a stilted and unnatural style, or to be thought clever by "cattle." "But what would you have him do?" it may be asked. First, we would have him give up making literature, for the present. We would have him acquire the fixed habit of application by working in the regular tread-mill of the college course like a dray-horse with blinders. We would have his mind, from sheer force of habit, become a thinking-*machine*, a machine depending for its working order directly upon the will,—not upon emotions, brilliant moods, or "inspirations." These conditions being true, he can put a raw idea into his mental chopper and take it out rolled into a symmetrical design, a converging logical sequence, an inexorable conclusion. If a man has a definite and logically arranged idea on a certain subject, and possesses a college education, Heaven will raise up words for him with which to say it, if he will only open his mouth. It is *ideas* which people want, not preposterous affectations of another man's manner, for the purpose of concealing a thought movement which is either shallow or stagnant. This, then, is our accusation against the Typical College Literary Man. He prefers the *form* to the idea, the clothes to the man himself, the froth—which sensible people blow away—to the beer under it, the trumpery foil to the battle axe. The dignified silent man who has not the fatal gift of "brightness," but who comes out of college with a trained mind, will naturally develop a *form of expression* in a few years—and a form both suitable and striking. But the literary man who neglects his college course to acquire a "style," which will some day disgrace him, will find that a few years are too short a period to develop intellectuality or original ideas. He "has his reward." Brilliant, happy, conceited and songful, he is like the grasshopper in Fontaine's fable. But how about the winter?

We quote the following from exchanges:

A COLLEGE OWED.

She stopped me on the street,
And her eyes were filled with tears,
She hailed me as a friend
Whom she hadn't seen for years.

I wondered what she had to say,
Her face—I knew it not,
But still it seemed not strange to me,
I did know—but forgot.

Her lips were quivering painfully—
At last I heard her speak—
"*You owe me five for washing, sir—*
I've been after it for a week."

The Tiger.

WHICH?

He handed her an ice, and took
Two kisses from a waiter.
She said, "Not any, thank you, now;
Perhaps I'll take one later."

Red and Blue.

A LOVELY SCENE.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown:
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned towards mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood—
I see her standing peacefully now:
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

Harvard Advocate.

STILL THE SAME.

I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
I swore no power on earth should part
Our lives; our love time should not kill.
With oft reiterated vow
I said that as I loved her now,
When we grew old, I'd love her still.

The years have passed, and now my wife,
Whom once I loved as my own life,
Has all according to her will.
She rules. The accents of her voice
Give me no reason to rejoice.
I sigh, "Oh how I'd love her still!"

Bowdoin Orient.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, at the present time consists of the SCHOOL OF ARTS, the original college, founded in 1754; of sundry professional schools, to wit: the SCHOOL OF LAW, the SCHOOL OF MINES, and its Medical Department by joint resolution, the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, admission to all of which, as candidates for professional degrees, is open to all students, whether or not they are college-bred men; and of the UNIVERSITY FACULTIES OF LAW, MINES (Mathematics and Pure and Applied Science), POLITICAL SCIENCE, and PHILOSOPHY, which conduct all courses leading to the university degrees of MASTER OF ARTS and DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year in the School of Arts, during which year students in the School of Arts pursue their studies, with the consent of the Faculty of Arts, under one or more of the University Faculties.

The various schools are under the charge of their own faculties, and for the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a University Council has been established.

I. THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The School of Arts, or the college proper, has a curriculum of four years' duration leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the School of Arts must be at least fifteen years of age and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY FACULTIES.

The University Faculties of Law, Mines, (Mathematics and Pure and Applied Science), Political Science, and Philosophy, taken together constitute the University. These University Faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (a) Private or Municipal Law, (b) Mathematics and Pure and applied Science, (c) History, Economics, and Public Law, and (d) Philosophy, Philology, and Letters. Courses of study under one or more of these University Faculties are open to members of the senior class in the School of Arts and to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These lead, through the bachelor's degree to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.

The professional schools are the schools of Law, Mines, and Medicine, to which all students, as well as those not having pursued a course of undergraduate study as those who have, are admitted on terms prescribed by the faculty of each school as candidates for professional degrees.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a three years' course of study in common law and equity jurisprudence, medical jurisprudence, criminal and constitutional law, international law, public and private, and comparative jurisprudence. The degree of Bachelor of Laws is conferred on the satisfactory completion of the course.

2. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers the following courses of study, each of four years' duration, and each leading to an appropriate professional degree, namely, mining engineering, civil engineering, metallurgy, geology and palæontology, analytical and applied chemistry, architecture; and the following as graduate courses, each of two years' duration and each leading to an appropriate degree, namely, sanitary engineering and electrical engineering.

3. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, by joint resolution of June 18th, 1860, the medical Department of Columbia College, offers a three years' course of study in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine (M. D.)

SETH LOW, LL. D., President.